

# Bad Astronaut, Not A Dull Moment

I remember well the smell of tequila  
One bed, one bath, two months with Steph  
Drinkin' up the sunrise  
Then sleep till eight at night  
I had a ten day birthday till Thanksgiving  
We burnt the bird and hit the road  
Blur in stereo, sonic bookmarks and bad scenes  
But not a dull moment, I barely miss living in Los Angeles  
Only took a week to start the warfare  
Eccentric neighbors on welfare  
The turntable spun to the beat of pounding on the walls  
We'd sink another drink with Billy Idol  
Have sloppy sex on the living room floor  
A whirlwind of simple pleasure principal  
Principles are gone  
It's not a dull moment  
I barely miss living in that selfish bliss with Steph  
And I always have the past to be warned  
And I always knew the last laugh was more  
And I can taste the gold ring tarnish in my mouth  
And I need a drink to wash it out  
It's not a dull moment  
I barely miss living in that state of filth  
So I cleaned the yard, the yard, the yard  
Mow the lawn, scrub the stained rug  
So what? It's safe and sound I have found